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Young Theologians.

FROM JOHN N. WILDER'S ROCHESTER POEM.

Young Theologians, wisely set apart
To learn the rules of theologic art,
A few brief words let me address to you.
I have the pulpit now, and you the pew;
And all can see but at a single glance,
How seldom laymen get so good a chance;
And Dr. Wayland, with his view of teaching,
Would have some laymen take a hand at preaching.

Avoid, I pray you, all approach to rant,
Or to that meanest of all vices, cant.
Thought, and not noise, the understanding fills;
It is the lightning, not the thunder, kills;
And simple truth, in simple words expressed,
Has been, is now, and ever will be, best.
Sermons, like wells, should small circumference sweep
Be short in their diameter, but deep.

And public prayer, as in the Scriptures taught,
Beyond a cavil, always should be short.
Had good St. Peter, in his hour of need,
Stopped to recite the Calvinistic creed
As he was sinking through the yielding wave,
The Galilean sea had been his grave.
The royal pronoun, we, but seldom touch.
Quote the original not over much;

For, with due reference and submission meek,
We prefer good English to poor Greek.
Wade not too long through the shallows to begin;
But over head and ears jump bravely in.
Have but one "lastly"—let that come about
As soon as thought and feelings have run out.
But "finallies" and "in conclusion" send,
As we suggested to one common end.

With your attainments, ever keep in view,
That "common people" know a thing or two;
And can discern between those shops which group
All of their wares on the outside stoop,
And less pretentious ones whose alcoves deep
Their valued fabrics in good order keep.
Be chaste in manner; throw aside the vile,
Florid, high-sounding, and "spread-eagle" style.

And would you get an enviable boost,
Never fly higher than you well can roost.
Get wisdom, learning;—all without pretense,
And with your getting, get good common-sense.
The broad-brimmed beaver and the white cravat,
Gold-headed cane, and all such things as that,
Have had their day; the people now will search
For the true man, in Physic, Law and Church.

The Construction of Pulpits.

A great deal of lumber is piled up, and worse than wasted, for pulpits; and it would be well if this was the least count in the indictment against them.

The dictionary tells us that the word is taken from the Latin, *pulpitum*, the front part of the stage in a Roman theatre, where actors performed their parts. We are not to understand that primitive Christians patronized theatres, or that theatres were used for churches; but the analogy of architecture furnished the name. A more recent periodical authority before us says: "If this model of the pulpit needed confirmation, it would be found in the *ambones* (from Latin *ambo*, both descriptive of its ascents at either end) of the churches of the third century, the earliest form of pulpit architecture. These were low, sometimes semi-circle platforms, where priest *and deacons* stood to read and sing some parts of the service, and to preach. Such was the spiritual church." There the spiritual teachers of the congregation are: they read the Bible, conduct the service, and expound the holy word. Pulpits should be formed to this purpose.

The prevailing fault is they are too high—doubly high. The platform on which the preacher stands strains the necks of those close about to look up to him, and strains his neck to look down to them. This may account for the habit some preachers have of looking away off, over everything and at nothing—and of the amen-corner brethren listening with their heads down—a great temptation to fall asleep—and a discouraging attitude toward any speaker.

A man pleading with his neighbor, in earnest, looks him in the face, or tries to. He must do this in order to be understood and felt. The human face sharpens the intellect; it is suggestive of thought and reflective of impulse. All this power and sympathy is lost, and many a good sermon shoots over our heads because the preacher, though meek as Moses, is stuck up too high.

Cut down the pulpit stairs, reduce the "rise" and the number of them by one-half, and then five-sixths of our churches would be about right in that particular, and the preacher would not end his flight when he has mounted them.

Once this year we sat with pain under a good preacher, who, though young, and originally well endowed in that respect, had a strained voice. Our posture was uncomfortable enough—with head laid back at an angle of forty-five degrees; but his croaking over to confront the hearer, was agonizing. Think of the tubes and pipes and nice machinery of voice being bent in the act, and who can wonder that clergymen's sore throat is so common? Lawyers speak as often and as long, without this damage to vocal organs. The reason is, they have more rests and variations in reply and rejoinders; but principally because they stand on the same plane with their auditors, and speak at them.

This sitting *under* the droppings of the sanctuary ought to be done away with.

He would be a benefactor indeed that took saw and hammer and went the rounds, cutting down high pulpits. We hope that brethren whose otherwise neat and comfortable churches are already afflicted in this way, will not wait for them to rot down, grudging the paint and gingerbread work that has been thrown away on them—but abate the nuisance.

A model pulpit, in our eye, is successor to one that, like Mahommet's coffin, was suspended between heaven and earth, on the side of the church. The incumbent resolutely came down and took his stand in the altar, before a table, vowing not to ascend it again until the trustees had modified it.

One who has done much at church building gives us these figures: Elevate the platform four inches for every twenty feet in the length of the house. Then the less boxing up the better. Especially do not frame up to the breast or shoulders of a medium-sized man standing. Three feet is a good average accommodation from the top of the platform to the top of the book board. The old Episcopal churches, remnants of the anti-revolutionary establishment, corrupted the pulpit models of the country. The reading was done in the lower desk, the preaching in the upper. With them the sermon was not meant for much—but a small part of the sermon, put in towards the last. The popularity of many Episcopal ministers now stands in their reading the service beautifully and impressively, not on their preaching. For such, a section of a hogshead would do, restraining all action and holding the manuscript close up to the eyes.

Our pulpits, for their uses, require room and access to the people. Sometimes two or three occupy them at once. Before rising to speak, the preacher likes to survey the congregation, not curiously, but for a purpose. We have one instance of these high boxes being useful: Rev. J—— was speaking to an illiterate congregation on visible and invisible. "My brethren, perhaps you don't exactly get the idea of visible and invisible." Raising himself to full height—"Do you see me now?" "Yes." "This is visible." Hiding himself behind—"Do you see me now?" "No." "This is invisible."

It happens in this, as in other things, that science is economy, and good taste favors cheapness. The model pulpit costs less than these unsightly, uncomfortable piles.

Religious congregations are flesh and blood: they worship under the operation of natural laws, not to be disregarded. If we may promote the healthfulness of preaching, the health of the laborers, and the comfort of thousands of hearers, then not too much space or importance has been given to this subject.

BROUGHAM AND BURR.—Lord Brougham, in his address the other day before the Mechanics' Institution at Manchester, used the following language:

"The first duty of a man is to provide for his own independence by his own work, and not either to amuse himself or indulge in any gratification—not even in that more than innocent, most sacred gratification of assuaging his thirst for knowledge, until he has done his day's work, and done that which it is his bounden duty, as well as his highest interest to do, work with his own hands for the provision of himself and family. And when I talk of working men, I am myself, and have been all my life a working man; and as long as I am blessed with health enough to continue, even at my advanced time of life, I shall continue to labor; and I shall never henceforth, any more than I have hitherto done, partake of any relaxation, not even in gratifying my thirst for knowledge, until I have earned the right to do it by having done my day's work.

There are other rules as to which I would allow no compromise, no middle course whatever—and they are the maxims which ought to preside over a man's whole employment of his time. The one is, to do one thing at a time only; the next is, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; and the third, always to finish one thing before you begin another. A very great and most celebrated man in Holland, De Witt, was once asked how it happened that he got through so much business, and of such varied kind—for he was not only a great statesman and a minister, but also a most eminent mathematician and a literary man—and his answer was that it was by two rules which he always observed: To do one thing at a time: And never put off to to-tomorrow what could be done to-day. These were his golden rules. I knew a great statesman, now no more, of another country, who used to say, on the other hand, his principle was, "Never to do to-day what you could put off till to-morrow;" and when I cried out against this as a most heterodox political doctrine, he gave me half a dozen instances in which much advantage had occurred from his continual procrastination of measures that were pressed upon him. These were certainly exceptions to the rule I admit that he urged his perverse maxim rather by way of pleasantry than anything else, and I think it was no recommendation of it that he could produce so few instances in its favor."

We were at first disposed to think that the "statesman of another country" was Aaron Burr, who is the author of an aphorism of which the one quoted by Brougham reminds us. Burr used to say, "I never put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day; and I never came to a conclusion about anything to-day which I can put off till to-morrow." It is difficult to say which of these rules of action betrays most sagacity.

ONE OF BYRON'S VICTIMS.—It is related of one of the most beautiful and fanciful of American poets, who died recently, that, though he was seldom seen in the streets of the city where he lived, and no one gained admission into the rooms he occupied, yet he was a poet, chemist, musician, botanist, astronomer, linguist and geologist, and so thoroughly accomplished in each of these departments of knowledge, that his acquirements would have made most men eminent. But with powers that fitted him for taking a front rank among the world's benefactors, he withdrew himself from sympathy and companionship with men, wrapping himself up in gloomy and selfish misanthropy, and leading the morbid life of an indigent recluse.

Mr. S. Goodrich (Peter Parley,) in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," gives the following explanation of his unhappy career, which adds another to the many deplorable instances of the influence of that unprincipled poet, by whose writings so many of the young and susceptible have been corrupted and destroyed:

"I think he had been deeply injured, nay ruined, by the reading of Byron's works, at that precise age when his soul was in all the sensitive bloom of spring; and its killing frost of atheism, of misanthropy, of pride and scorn, fell upon it and converted it into a scene of desolation. The want of genial appreciation, of love and frienship around his early life, caused its malignant influence to deepen his natural shyness into a positive and hobitual self-banishment from his fellow-men. Such is the sad interpretation I put upon his career."

In this connection it is interesting to see the moral estimate which Daniel Webster placed upon Byron as a man. In his "Private Correspondence," recently published, he says: "I have tried to find something in him to like besides his genius and his wit; but there was no other likeable quality about him. He was an incarnation of demonism. He is the only man in English history, for a hundred years, that has boasted of infidelity and every practical vice—not included in what may be termed, and what his biographer does term meanness. I confess that I was rejoiced then, and am rejoiced now, that he was driven out of England by public scorn, because his vices were not in his passions, but in his principles. He denied all religion and all virtue from the housetop. A theory of living, and of dying, too, made up of the elements of hatred to religion, contempt of morals, and defiance of the opinion of all the decent part of the public. When before has a man of letters avowed it?"—*Amer. Mes.*

FASHIONABLE CALL, AND ALL THEY SAID.—"How do you do, my dear?"

"Putty well, thank you." (They kiss.)

"How have you been this age?"

"Putty well. How have you been?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Pleasant day."

"Yes; very bright. But we had a shower yesterday.

"Are all your people well?"

"Quite well, thank you. How are yours?"

"Very well, I'm obliged to you."

"Have you seen Mary B. lately?"

"No; but I've seen Susan C."

"You don't say so. Is she well?"

"Very well, I believe." (Rising.)

"Must you go?"

"Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make."

"Do call again soon."

"Thank you—but you don't call on me once in an age."

"O, you should not say so; I'm sure I'm very good."

"Good bye."

"Good bye." (They kiss."

Always Finding Fault.

There are certain people who cannot live without finding fault. No matter what subject or person comes up in the course of conversation, they start some frivolous objection, or make some censorious remark. Instead of trying to be in charity with their neighbors, they take malicious pleasure in speaking evil about them. They obstinately shut their eyes to good qualities, while they employ microscopes to discover and magnify evil ones; and afterwards they torture language to exaggerate what they have seen, so as to depreciate as much as possible. But they deal in inuendoes, in hints, and in ominous shakes of the head. Instead of frankly assailing in front, they assassinate behind the back. Practically, they persuade others that all men are so evil, that there is not even a chance of reform. Even in acts incontestably good, they pretend to find latent selfishness. They spend their lives in defiling human nature, like the foul Yahoes whom the satirist has depicted. To believe them there are none virtuous but themselves; all the rest of mankind being knaves, brutes, or devils.

The proverbial fault-finder little thinks that, in censuring so maliciously and indiscriminately, he is only painting his own portrait. It is a secret consciousness of his demerits, a gnawing rage at the superiority of others, which is the real cause of his want of charity, the principal inducement to his abuse. His own heart is the mirror from which he describes mankind. The best men have been those invariably who spoke the most kindly of their race. The great type of all manhood, whose perfect humanity is the admiration even of Pagans and Atheists, ever spoke in benignant terms, having charity even for "publicans and sinners." It is to his precepts that we owe the great doctrine of human brotherhood. In the idea of the fallen Lucifer, we have, on the contrary, the incarnation of malice, hate, slander, ill will and evil speaking. As the one is said to have come to bring "peace and good will to men," so the other first defiled the fair creation with strife, and sowed "war among the hosts of heaven." We never hear a professed fault-finder, but our thoughts recur to his type. We never listen to the beneficent language of one who is in charity with his race, without feeling he is advancing more and more to the "perfect man."—*Phila. Ledger.*

SALVATION.—Some men will say, the Gospel, for the most part, brings good news; but then it is only if I believe. To answer this, if the Gospel held forth Christ and salvation to those only that believe, it were little better tidings than the law. But the Gospel saith not—Bring faith with thee, and then here is all the grace and salvation. No; the Gospel expects not that any sinner should of himself bring faith, for he hath it not. But the Gospel, as it brings salvation, so it breeds faith in the heart of a sinner. The same Word that makes known salvation begets faith in the heart to receive it. The God that gives his alms gives a purse to carry it. Therefore, when I hear of grace, glory and salvation by Jesus Christ, I must not consider where I shall have a vessel to carry it home, where I shall have faith to receive it; but it carries the vessel with it, and I go and take the promise. And by the Holy Spirit that same Gospel that brought the grace will work faith, or else it were as harsh as the law. Therefore never stand off about faith; for he that gives grace and salvation will work faith. (Eph. ii. 8.)

This, then, is the door of the Gospel, the very entrance into Christian religion, the first stone in the Christian building. There is a kind of devotion and profession, but it is not built according to the Gospel. If you would walk according to the Gospel, learn this lesson first—that God gives life and salvation through Christ to sinners as sinners. Though they be hard hearted, backsliding, the chief of sinners, yet, as long as they be sinners, and but sinners, they may always look upon Jesus Christ and salvation in his hand ready to be bestowed upon them. This is a truth that thou must learn and be taught of God, or else thou canst not go one step in the profession of the Gospel; for, beloved, until you know and learn this you will be like men in the dark—you will be groping for Christ Jesus, but you will never be grafted into him, you will never be knit to Christ.—*Walter Cradock.*

Medical and Surgical.

Dr. Bow's mortality statistics show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or one and one-third per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is over two per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. Virginia and North Carolina are the healthiest of the States, and have six hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants over one hundred years of age.

A work has appeared in London entitled "Burning the Dead: or, Urn Sepulture, religiously, socially and generally considered, with suggestions for a revival of the practice as a sanitary measure." The Paris Academy of Medicine has also suggested the revival of the practice. They say that in the summer time the Parisian hospitals are crowded with the victims of pestilence engendered by the foul air of the graveyards in the neighborhood. The vicinity of the cemeteries is a constant source of mortality, their putrid emanations filling the air, and the poisons they emit impregnating the waters, are held chargeable for the many new and fearful diseases of the throat and lungs, which baffle all medical skill.

At a late scientific meeting in Montreal, Prof. Pierce mentioned, among other conclusions drawn from the triennial catalogue of Harvard College, the fact that among those who graduated in the "first half" of their class, the deaths have been less by 40 out of 1000 than among the other half.

Some fourteen years ago, according to the Baltimore *Patriot*, a gentleman of that city was stabbed in the left temple, and a part of the dirk remained in his head. The wound, however, healed. Three years after, a portion of the weapon, nearly two inches long, made its way to an opening and was extracted; and about two weeks ago the remainder made its appearance on the right side of the nose near the corner of his eye, on the opposite side to where he received the wound, having actually traversed through the bone of the head and been on its journey fourteen years. It is now to be extracted.

THE Publishing Committee of the Richmond Christian Advocate, at their recent session, have resolved to recommend to the ensuing General Conference, the propriety of returning to the original subscription price of the paper, that is, $2 per annum, with probably a ratable increase if not paid in advance. The editor, Dr. Lee, says: The increase in the number of subscribers has never, since the change was made in the price, been enough to counterbalance the losses on the reduction of its subscription price. The office must, therefore, increase the subscription price of the paper, or suffer annual losses that will break it down."

Coal in the United States.

The last number of the *Scientific American* contains an admirable article on the coal fields of the United States, illustrated with a map. We subjoin a brief extract:

We cannot attempt, in a brief space, to explain the causes which are supposed to have produced the great deposits of valuable fuel which we find beneath the earth's surface, further than to remark that it has been demonstrated to be wood, preserved from decay by an air-tight covering of earth, which has been converted into its present condition by the action of time, pressure, or heat, or of all combined. The eastern outskirts of the Pennsylvania field has been more fully roasted, or coked, and reduced to anthracite, while the Rhode Island field has been so intensely burned as to reduce it almost or quite to cinder.

The coal which is revealed in the great Rocky mountain region, although it may furnish liberal supplies at some points, for hundreds of years, it cannot possibly belong to any such great beds as those in the settled portions of the States. The area of the coal beds proper is estimated by Professor Rogers at two hundred thousand square miles. This is believed to be far greater than the area of all the coal fields of Europe, and somewhat larger than those of the whole of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is useless to attempt to calculate how long this supply of coal will last, as the consumption is increasing every year with the increase of steam power; but the fields of anthracite alone could supply the world for a very long period before it would be necessary to touch upon the margin of the great fields. Great Britain has a far nearer prospect of exhausting her supply. We now mine only nine millions tons annually. Great Britain mines (and burns or sends abroad) sixty-five millions tons each year. If the consumption continues to increase at its present rate, the fields now most worked in Great Britain will be exhausted in about three hundred years, and her whole supply in about two thousand years more.

Layers of coal vary in thickness, from little exceeding that of a sheet of paper up to fourteen feet or more in thickness. The coal fields here represented generally include thick valuable layers, and the greater part contains a considerable number of strata of coal, several of which are workable, with common earth and rock between them.

The number of strata decrease westward. According to a late paper by Prof. Rogers, the number of coal fields in Nova Scotia is about fifty, though only five of them are of workable thickness, being equivalent to about twenty feet of coal. The deepest anthracite basin of Pennsylvania, that of the Schuylkill, contains also about fifty coal seams, and twenty five of these have a thickness each of more than three feet, and are available for mining. Further West, the great Apalachian, or as we have termed it, the Pennsylvania coal field, contains about twenty beds in all, ten of which are thick enough to be mined. Still further ownward the broad basin of Indiana and Illinois, shows apparently not more than ten or twelve beds, and it is believed that only seven of these are thick enough and pure enough for mining. Northward, in the Michigan coal field, there are only two or three layers, and these lay so low that the expense of draining mines by pumping will long forbid successful coal mining in that locality. Still further westward, the coal field of Iowa and Missouri contains, it is believed, but three or four beds of profitable size, and the total number, thick and thin, does not exceed six or seven. A similar graduation is noticable in the general size of the individual coal seams, by far the thickest being in the anthracite basins of eastern Pennsylvania.

The coal in the Western Territories is generally thin.

THE COLD OF SPACE.—For every mile that we leave the surface of our earth the temperature falls five degrees. At forty-five miles distance from the globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero; and here cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed in the Artic circle is from forty to sixty degress below zero; and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory the greatest cold that we can produce is 150 degress below zero. At this temperature carbonic acid gas becomes a solid substance like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect on the skin as the red hot cinder; it blisters the fingers like a burn.

Quicksilver, or mercury, freezes at forty degrees below zero; that is seventy degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The sold mercury may then be treated as other metals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons, however, would melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with would become solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like wax; oil would be, in reality, "as hard as rock;" pure spirit, which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal. Hydrogen gas would become quite solid, and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a lathe like ivory; and the fragrant odors of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield perfume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.—*Scientific American.*

THE DOLLAR MARK ($).—Writers are not agreed as to the derivation of the sign to represent dollars. Some say that it comes from the letters U. S., which, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, were added to the Federal currency, and which afterwards, in the hurry of writing, were run into one another, the U being made first and the S over it. Others say that it is contrived from the contraction of the Spanish words *pesos*, dollars, others from the Spanish *fuertes*, hard, to distinguish silver from paper money. The more probable explanation is that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of eight reals, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight. It was then designated by the figures 8 8.—*Dict. of Americanism.*

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.—In June last a conflagration broke out at the hamlet of Bardosk, and consumed one hundred and ninety-two houses, among which was a house occupied by the invalids in garrison there. Before this house a sentry was posted, whom, in the hurry and confusion incidental to the fire, nobody thought of relieving. The private who was here on guard, named Pankey, remained at his post though the house was burnt down, and then his sentry box; and it was not till after his own cloak had caught fire that help came in the shape of a non-commissioned officer, who relieved him. The Emperor has promoted the private.

The circumstances connected with the loss of the Central America are to undergo legal investigation.

"Want of Confidence."

This is, just now, the popular cry. It is echoed on all sides. Touching it, we say, that the trouble which there is in the world originally came from want of confidence in God; and is continued in the world for want of the same confidence Eve confided in the serpent rather than in God. God said "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The serpent said—"No; thou shalt not surely die:" and she trusted him, and distrusted God. Adam exhibited the same temper. Both lost confidence in their creator—and here commenced the trouble.

Want of confidence where confidence should be placed, always makes trouble. What occasions the difficulty now in our midst, this "distress with perplexity," losses and crosses, and "men's hearts failing them for fear" of further disasters? The answer is, in a few short words—Want of Confidence. Banks want confidence in the notes of their customers, and will not discount them, but throw them out; business men have lost confidence in the responsibleness and reliableness of each other; stocks and bonds which a few months since were confided in as representatives of value, are now accounted of little or no value; funds cannot be raised on them except at a ruinous sacrifice, because people have lost confidence in them. Holders of grain at the West have lost confidence in shipping houses at the East, and will not forward their produce—and the result is a panic pervading all classes, and business paralyzed. A panic is just a want of confidence. Restore public confidence and there would be no panic, but immediate, sensible relief.

Nothing is more distressing than want of confidence, whether it be between husband and wife, employer and employed, creditor and debtor, or God and man.

There is just that state of things in our country at the present time, financially, which there is on our globe morally. Confidence is lost among the inhabitants of the land, and there is financial disaster; and confidence is lost in God, and there is moral suffering and confusion throughout the globe. Oh! if the human race would only confide in God, how would moral evils be at once repaired! The Creator and the creature would come together, loyalty take the place of rebellion, righteousness the place of sin, and peace the place of disorder and misery. And how wrong, how wicked, how outrageously wicked it is for mankind, when God is such a Being so worthy of confidence, and has done so much to obtain and secure their confidence, that they should have no faith in Him!

Have faith, reader, in God. Have confidence in your Maker. There is satisfaction nowhere else, there is safety nowhere else, nowhere in the wide universe can you be either at peace, or be safe, without confidence in "Him who rules the skies," and at whose disposal is your eternal destiny!

"Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee."

EFFECT OF COLD ON THE PHYSICAL ENERGIES. Bayard Taylor gives the following account of the effect of extreme cold upon the Finns:

"I was at first a little surprised to find the natives of the North so slow, indolent and improvident. We have an idea that a cold climate is bracing and stimulating—ergo, the further north you go the more active and energetic you will find the people. But the touch of ice is like that of fire. The tropics relax, the pole benumbs—and the practical result is the same in both cases. In the long, long winter, when there are but four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness, when the cows are housed, the wood cut, the hay gathered, the barley, bran and fir-bark stowed away for bread, and the summer's catch of fish salted—what can a man do, when his load of wood or hay is hauled home, but gossip and sleep? To bed at nine and out of it at eight in the morning, smoking and dozing between the slow performance of his few daily duties, he becomes as listless and dull as a hibernating bear. In the summer he has perpetual daylight, and need not hurry. Besides, why should he give himself special trouble to produce an unusually large crop of flax or barley, when a single night may make his labor utterly profitless? Even in midsummer the blighting frost may fall. Nature seems to take cruel pleasure in thwarting him; he is fortunate only through chance, and thus a sort of Arab fatalism and acquiescence in whatever happens takes possession of him. His improvidence is also to be ascribed to the same cause. Such a fearful famine and suffering as exist this winter in Finland and Lapland might no doubt have been partially prevented, but no human power could have wholly forestalled it."

A HEARTY LAUGH.—After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! what a digester! what a febrifuge! what an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides or deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something approximating to Billy Burton's transformation. Under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is a "joy forever." There is no remorse in it; it leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher and one witness, there is forthwith two laughers; and so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!

MR. MACAULAY'S MEMORY.—A story, says the London correspondent of the Inverness *Courier*, illustrating Mr. Macaulay's tenacious memory, and happy application of quotations, is mentioned in literary circles here. At a breakfast recently given at the house of a distinguished authoress, Lord Carlisle and Mr. Macaulay were present. The conversation happened to turn on the catastrophe which occurred some months ago in Tottenham-court-yard, by the falling down of three houses, which buried the inmates in the ruins. The lady, who in her youth professed Deism, but who in her senility has degenerated into a sort of Atheist, took occasion to talk in a most reprehensible strain with reference to this particular event, to the great discomfort if not disgust of the historian. He endured the infliction for a while; but at last, turning to Lord Carlisle, with a ludicrously piteous expression of countenance, he repeated the lines:

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female Atheist talks you dead."

The lines are in Johnson's now almost forgotten poem of "London."

Sainted Ladies.

"Punch" here describes some excellent persons, who, however, we regret to say, are oftener heard of than seen:

ST. PHILLIS.—St. Phillis was a virgin of noble parentage, but withal as simple as a shepherdess of curds and cream. She married a lord, and had much pin-money. But when other ladies wore diamonds and pearls, St. Phillis only wore a red rose in her hair. Yet her pin-money bought the best jewelry in the happy eyes of the poor about her. St. Phillis was rewarded. She lived until four score, and still carried the red and white rose in her face, and felt their fragrance in her memory.

ST. PHŒBE.—St. Phœbe was married early to a willful, but withal a good-hearted husband. He was a merchant, and would come sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Phœbe, in her patience, set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lamb's wool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time forth that never did the husband touch that mat, that he didn't clean his temper and his shoes, and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus, gentleness makes miraculous door mats.

ST. LILLY.—St. Lilly was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support his family—and his children were many—by writing books. In those days it was not so easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his *Pater noster*. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St. Lilly, but to every book St. Lilly gave at least two babies. However, blithe as a cricket was the spirit that ruled about the hearth of St. Lilly. And how she helped her helpmate! She smiled sunbeams into his ink bottle, and turned his goose pen to the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name and as fragrant as her soul. And when folks wondered how St. Lilly managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she answered that she never heeded them, for troubles were like babies, and only grew bigger by nursing.

Origin of the name "Christian."

"And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." Who gave them this name; and with what intent was it given? It was not a name of their own choosing. . . . . We are inclined to the opinion that the name was given to them by native Antiocheans, perhaps merely to distinguish them from the multitude of their own population; but more likely to ridicule as well as to distinguish them. They heard the disciples of Christ speaking often and in the most exalted terms of their divine Master. While the name "Christ" might convey to a Hellenized Jew only a sacred idea, from the fact that it was an exact translation from the word "Messiah," the Antiocheans, who knew neither the Hebrew word Messiah, nor the divine character of Christ, would see in the word Christ only its pagan and common meaning, which was anointing, rubbing over the surface with oil, and sometimes with paint or a mere wash. Hence, if they were disposed, they might have used the word "Christians" with such an inflection of voice and such an expression of countenance as to have conveyed to each other something like this idea, namely—"These are your well-oiled people, your unctuous ones; these your white-washed class, your purists!" This of course would have raised a vulgar laugh against them.—*From "Paul and the Chief Cities of his Labors," by Rev. B. F. Hosford.*

Venturing Upon Christ.

This is a phrase sometimes heard in religious conversation, sometimes from the pulpit, and often, doubtless, it passes in silent meditation thro' the minds of Christians. But it is a bad one. Venturing! What is the meaning of the word? We venture upon things doubtful; we venture to rely upon the promise of a man like ourselves, who may be unable, even if willing, or unwilling if able, to make good his word. Is Christ such?

The word implies doubt. If we only *venture* to rely upon a promise of Christ, it proves that there is some lurking distrust in our own hearts either of his power or his truth. Yet, in careful thought, we would not for the world express any distrust of either. Then why do it thoughtlessly or in any form of implication? He certainly deserves a freer measurement of faith and trust. His word is "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." Here are willingness and ability most emphatically expressed. The only remaining question is—Is he to be trusted? Then let us not talk of *venturing* upon Christ, but in the spirit of implicit confidence let us obey the injunction of Peter, by casting all our care upon him, knowing that he careth for us.

OBEDIENCE A SOURCE OF JOY.—There is an inexpressible sweetness in the reflection that we are striving to do the will of God. This sentiment, when sincerely cherished, is nothing less than the spirit of Christ in the soul. We look up to our Lord, and we hear him proclaim the moving cause of his own mission of toil and suffering in this world, "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God!" Sustained by the happy consciousness that he was faithful to do an appointed work, his courage did not give way in those dark hours when even his own received him not. He knew that his labors were accomplishing the Divine purpose, and he was satisfied.

Like him, we are sent into the world to do the will of our Father in heaven. It is a holy mission which we are to execute, not to acquire a personal reputation for effective talent, but for glory of him who sent us. Whatever amount of success may now attend our labors, we shall soon "give account with joy," if, with the consciousness of honest purposes and faithful endurance, we can say to God, as we ascend, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

SILENCE OFTEN THE BEST WEAPON.—An English officer in India, while sitting at a table, was noticed to turn pale with fright, and on being asked the reason, quietly replied that a snake had come into the room and twisted itself around his leg and a leg of the table. A gentleman arose to kill it, but he said, "Do not touch it. Don't wake it, for it will strike its fangs into me. Let it wake itself, and it may leave me harmless." The company left silently, and the officer remained in perfect stillness till the snake waked and crawled out of the room.

After Mr. Bianconi had read his paper before the British Association, on his extensive system of conveyance in Ireland, Mr. W. Pare asked Mr. Bianconi whether, according to his experience, the working of a horse more than ten miles a day, for each day in the week, would be injurious to it. Mr. Bianconi said he found by experience that he could work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, much better than six miles a day for seven days in the week, so that by not working on Sundays he effected a saving of seven per cent.